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Rhythms of Nature

By

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Rhythms of Nature



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RHYTHMS OF NATURE

MAY

(To original music)

Under the apple tree looms the earth,
With leaves a-falling low,
Over the apple tree leans the mirth
Of the apple-cheeked clouds that grow
In the heaven of May.

Far in the orchard 'tis violet light,
Near by the well 'tis rosy as dawn,
Over the field is a glory of white,
Here at the window the red buds awn,
O'er the world of May.

Flowers the light with falling leaves,
Shading the mien that is underneath;
It gleams on her heavenly eyes and weaves
Ruddy glory of shadowing wreath
Over the form of my May.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

“THE COMELY IS UTILE”

Mad is the mood that is vent
Of hollow and craven call;
The inn is low where the rent
Is ever a feud or a fall.

Love is the keynote of all
That is rhythm, for hate is noise;
Far-reaching the madrigal
Of anthem-choir of joys.

The Oriole’s orison
Is wonder in earth’s regime;
The crow has a malison
And caws for a wicked theme.

And even a holy lament
May rise to the infinite;
While short is the virulent
Howl of the minim wit.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Utile a loving tone
To find the ear that is far;
Envy is only a crone
In a hovel's area.

Ragged the retinue
Of Winter hurricane gale;
Fine is the revenue
Of May's avail of rain.

And ever the tournament
Has a knight of a finer toil,
And ever the maid is anent
Who is an unerring foil.

His toil is a winning one,
And the maiden is lovelier;
She weaves him the trophy crown,
And he offers a life to her.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The world goes ever around,
Winning and wedding away,
And the comely are ever crowned
With life that is roundelay.

He rules who has head that is higher,
She rules her own who is fine,
And fellow arms do not tire,
Forever they intertwine.

Living may whiten the hair,
Grieving may weaken the eyes,
Yet Heaven claims everything there,
To hold and memorialize.

Alined is the limb that can run;
Well is the form that is trim;
Full is the throat for a tone;
Round is the arm that has vim.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Holy the motion of use,
And lovely the motive hour,
Attar is made in the cruse
He gave to a honey-flower.

Anoint is the mien that glows,
Our earth is ever a-chill;
Utile the angel Rose,
And valiant the Daffodil.

Woman is woeful if shorn;
And heavy if mal a-line;
The man deformed or worn
Has meaning too oft malign.

Only the lines ordained
Are comely, or well to live;
They that are violet-veined
Are known in life's narrative.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Right and Love adhere,
Utile and Comely are one;
Yellow the mien of Fear,
Rosy is Love alone.

Fair are the ways that are worn
With Martyrs' aching tread,
For they lead to a resolute Morn
Where Jawa's Throne is red.

Weary the alien trail
Aloft on the height that is sure,
Yet all along in the vale
Of the dawn, the air is newer.

Healed are the valiant that live
Where all is lower than they,
And hale is the call they give
To the caravan long on the way.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

And rare is the lineage
Of all that is truly fair,
For evil requites the age
Of after life with a tare.

The comely reward the earth
With the earn of a father's arm,
And the well are the truly worth
Of the will of the higher charm.

The comely is ever well,
The lovely is utile sure,
And lucre is infidel,
Yet the form of the fine will endure.

And over the tone of the groan
Is the chime of the feet that climb,
And their name will atone for the moan
That the hateful can rhyme into time.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The term of the old machine
That rules the earth is long,
And the lees of the old gangrene
That eateth the flesh is wrong;

Yet all that is dead is dead,
And trifling, and volatile;
And all that liveth is wed
To immortal mode of will.

Nor any who only reflect
An Ego, can dure or wait,
Till the trammels of intellect
Are o'er, and the mind is great.

Then fair and rosy the mien
Of the lightning glory of men,
And clearer than jewel sheen
The auras of Jawa's Amen.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Adventurers we of the way
That leaveth all doubters to die;
Refuting all evil, we may
Arise to a footing on high.

The trend of the aeons will make
A human of god-like endeavor,
And shining in glory will wake
A man who is comely forever

The ire of the demon will wreak
The myth of the phantom war
On a haunted shore that will immolate
All evil in hell afar.

Nor any will live to arraign
The value of arts that are here;
They'll attain to enduring domain,
And thieving relent in fear.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The glamor of fair that is foul
Will fall as a veil that is torn,
And the angelhood of the cowl
Show forth what is fair, though shorn.

The love that is light to the eye,
That lives in a heavenward gaze,
Shall show that an amity,
With Him, has clearer rays.

The loving is utile to come.
Loving and Hating are foes,
For Love has Millennium,
And Hatred is wrecked with her woes.

The hatred of evil is due
The whole of divine warfare,
And its name is an arrow through
The fiend that Inferno may dare.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

True Loving will ever confide
In the Fair, and the Fair alone;
True Using will never deride
What Loving has named her own.

Doomed Danae was loved of Jove,
Alone in the world unknown,
Yet they knew at length the trove
Of gold was her meed to atone.

Dido died alone in the fire,
Yet Carthage her monument;
And Daphne was crowned with desire
Of virginity's holy intent.

Ariadne alone on the isle
Mated a hero for trove;
And risen from death, yet the wile
Of the Greek won Helen's love.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The Aeniad tells the tale
Of the wandering Venus-heir,
And Italy, never to fail,
Inherits a Trojan dare.

And Lavinia loved and found
Was the Fair of Latin reign,
And the wedding was even a round
That linked the world again.

And entirely right were the ways
Of Etruria's artful wheels,
Where, on form of Grecian vase,
Find we friendly Trojan keels.

The meteor life of an hour
Has the mortal, unformed and uneven,
And the fading form of a flower
Had an Icarus falling from Heaven.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The true is enduring of line,
And the mould is too firm to decay
Where the Lovely really define
The written account of their day.

To immolate virtue as ill-
Favored, and loved of a ghoul,
Will never deliver the will
Of man who is therefore a fool.

To call Utility,—hag,
Well hated, and well unknown,
Is the end of all, and a rag
Is the raiment of Love who is lone.

To credit though comely is well,
It is unendowed of worth,
Is to murder all good with a fell
Decree of the lower earth;

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

And to name it the mode of an hour,
A rose that is withering,
Is malady's fatal lower
Over a wedding-ring.

Only the worthy is fair,
And the fair is acclaim of the true,
And the true accrues to the share
Of unerring Karma due.

The artillery march of the world
Is continued cannonade
To win o'er what is hurled
At virtue, or a maid.

The romantic is allied
To Mars, and legions run
If ever a fair is denied
A name her honor won.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

And though 'tis weary, the moan
Of the ruined reign of the fair,
Their children run to a throne
That ruleth everywhere.

Quality has the vein
To hold a line of life
From root of Eden reign
That Adam called a wife.

All fair were the hero ones,
Untold, though ages award
Alway the earth's new zones
To heirs of higher accord.

They hint in the olden tomes
That martyrs had larger eyes,
And that life in the Catacombs
Made fairer their agonies.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The hand executive
Of the monk in the Gothic nave
Was white, while alternative
Was only war a-rave.

And love was fair in those
Who reared cathedral tower;
'Tis written, the clergy rose
As lilies in their flower.

The worker in rhyme was known
For a look of vital fire;
And Dante for grander tone,
And a virile form entire.

Raphael was more
Than all that he could rim,
And Giotto was a shower
Of lines he could not limn.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The loving head and meek
That dares to know the truth
May wear away the cheek,
Yet eye may tell of youth.

And motherhood may win
Reluctant lines of love,
Though woe may leave too thin
The mould where another throve.

Homely is Comely at home
In a common uniform;
And grand is the heavier dome
That holds the hearth a-warm.

The fillet is narrow the day
That two go equally;
And the man is harried, yet grey
With wise antiquity.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The earth is a drunken thief
That has looted a heavenly grail,
Yet the nun will have her leave
To show what is fair in a veil.

The angels of earth, aweary,
Will rise in a vision of faith,
And the evil rail of the merry,
To eat and to drink, shall have death.

The mythic Eve had an heir,
And he had a fairer one,
And Judah found a Fair
When ruddy Ruth was won.

David inherited all
There was in the earth of love,
And the line ran warm withal
With a richer charm inwove.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

And fair was ever a word
 Of valid victory;
Cophetua rightly averred
 His helot affinity.

A veil is over the world
 Of virgin and wedding-fold,
Inviolately furled
 O'er the Marriage John foretold.

Oh, red is Futurity's rush
 O'er the callow vigils of night,
And almighty the dawning flush
 Of a lovelier Aeon alight!

SHINING EYES

It was a rill and a daffodil,
And an infant learned to look;
It was a well, and a mallow mall,
And a child was long in the nook.

The hour was green, and the wave had sheen,
And a maiden left her crook;
The eve was lone, yet the gloaming shone
With light that a woman took.

And age could never allay
Her eyes of their living ray.

THE CHILD WAY

“I’ll roam around the day,
The hour is dreamy-fair,
The market is no way
To me, I’ll weave and wear
A wreath of the fairy mode
The Mead has for her hair!”

They named her whimsical,
And filed in rank and line;
And yet there came to the fete
That Lorelei divine,
Who talked like a rill elate,
And moved like the Eglantine.

Then they named her the name of the mode,
And she cried, “I am not of the road!”
The year went over the zone,
And they made it a road she was on.

CHERRY FLOWERS

The cherry-trees endower the mead
With leaves of shattering flowers,
And over the cherries lowers indeed
The lazy, loafing showers
In the Heaven away.

Over the lintel their wings unite
Their welcome feathery shade of white;
All through the orchard are aisles of light;
Afield, as phantoms of night,
Their angel array.

Riots the air with shining leaves,
And she who wandereth
Alone amid the lily sheaves
Has caught a cherry-wreath
As a trophy of the day.

WINDWARD HO!

(To original music)

Over the yacht her wing's afloat,
All reefed to weather the wind;
Through our hair the errant air
Whirls, and the wave is lined.

The earth afar shows a line of war,
With twilight's lurid lurk;
And the area where the rude reefs are
Is raving with waves at work.

He dare not feel who's at the wheel,
Nor know the outer woe;
The yacht's areel, we're at the keel,
And tacking windward ho!

The awful shock of the waves as they mock
May only allot an hour;
Ah, near's the rock,—we fairly knock
At Heaven's door, and cower!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Yet careening wild, the ocean child
Has ever that word to know;
Though wave-reviled, the haven's mild
To the Tar who was windward ho!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

JUNE

(To original music)

Daffodilly's reign is over,
Roses reign;
All the fallow dunes they cover,
Near the main:
Oh, ho, the Willow!
And foamy is the water,
With flotillas of the leaves,
Floating off the quarter
Where the zephyr thieves.

Arion of eternal roving,
Ocean air,
O'er the worn shore ever moving—
Now will wear
A wreath of Willow.
All rosy is the Cherry,
Mirrored in the mere;
The Meadowlark is merry—
June is here!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Overflowed the rushing river,
Wonderful!
The over-air is a-quiver,
The well is full—
Thriving is the Willow!
And who is the retriever
Of my life from the tomb?
Might I run as the river
To my Home,
And know the wooing Willow
Is one with June!

BLACK HAWK

Oh, yet she would run wild and mad,
And ride the broncho of the herd,
Oh, yet she would run wild and glad,
To show her riding, and he heard:

“Far away the woodland water,
Minehaha had a daughter,
Who, living in the world, came after.
Ah, ah me, her name was laughter,
Yet her will to love was only
While she rode awild, and none nigh.”

Never would she canter with him,
Never would she mention Black Hawk
As she mentioned one by limb,
One by color, as her back walk
Gave him time to look and talk.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

“Hawk then, is your favorite?”
Elegant his English was,
For he used her tongue, alight
In his lip, nor ever pause
Did he make when moment came
That he could hint his love for her,
For though he had a common name,
Yet he had dared her heart infer.

Quick as light, she touched the flank,
Up the broncho went and on,
That for 'lope he could not rank;
The moon came lowering over the zone,
And down the hill she went with glee,
With not a word for repartee.

Others on the Ozark route
Did not try the night in trot,
Arthur followed at the foot,
And rain had made an ugly clot
Of the old trail through the Indian lot.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

There came an evil adder too,—
She was afar, they heard her tone,—
And that he killed, for dire purlieu,
Hic-ing the thing upon the gaff
Of his horned trapping,—hinder half.

And then Black Hawk came flying in,
Maidie had shot her tiny toe
Out of the gearing, and the pin
Had fallen, leaving but the show
Of what the foot-ring once had been.

Nor would she halt, she only cried,
“Oh, let me trot home anyway.”
“Yet Hawk,” he pleaded, “will deride.”
And moving on, as if in play,
He mended it, while his old Grey
Went on, nor left he halter rein
Out of his hand, for it was plain
That if the Broncho went too far,
His own might run and take the bar.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Knight-errant he, all opportune,
Nor could his loved one fail to know
No other guide was 'neath the moon
Who dared to do, while on the go,
More than another could when—lo,
They parted company, for Hawk
Went thundering off when he would talk.

She was doughty, but the hour
Was very late, and Hawk afraid
Of what had hit him—was it flower,
Falling from the mountain shade,
Or had a rock been shaled from grade?
Broncho ran with furious leap,
Nor had she faith that she could keep
Her pose, though true, the mended cord
Was firm he used, for oh, good Lord,
When Hawk ran, he was hippogriff,
Nor was there any reining stiff
Enough to make him hold his run,
Nor any word, nor any yell, but added to the
broncho fun!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

She was gone beyond their call
Of wild alarm, nor was that all;
Roadway was unknown to her,
Tall on either hand with fir,
And it curved with many a link,
On around the river-brink.

Young Maidie was afraid of each
Tall tree, and every turn, she thought
Her head would lose control, and reach
The rocky earth, a mangled naught!
The air fled o'er her curly head, and cut her cheek to
red;
A hurricane was underneath, nor was there any
breath to breathe!

Nor was there any hope in him;
Arthur had known Black Hawk to throw
A woman in the interim
Of only freeing him to go.
He called on Heaven with awful fear,
And urged his Grey to running gear.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Leaving the party there behind.

He went ahead, and found the girl,
Yet upon Black Hawk, now quite kind,

And drinking from the flood of pearl,
White River, rightly named, for there,
Was found a pearl beyond compare.

Nor was she hurt, she only plead,
"Next let me try your Grey, Hawk's dead."

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

FOUR O'CLOCKS

Fire in the yard, it is four,—
Hark, the red horn's halloo,
Fire for the garden and more,
For the school-folk now are due.

Flame in the fury of love,
Hidden in green all day,
Four O'clock known for trove,
To one little angel-ray.

Faithful wait all the hours,
That widen the glories of morn,
Faithful lifting of flowers
Till ready is every horn.

Threatens a rain, she is there,
Though it is chill, she will try,
For where is the evening fanfare
If the Four O'clock is shy?

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

She knows of a clock on high,
Is aware of a yoga hour,
When Day is furled to fly,
And Heaven alone may flower.

All joyful the end of Day,
With a wing like a Flamingo,
And what is the Night for gay,
With her own flowers that know!

Clock of the Moonlight dawn,
Loved of the rich red eves,
Stars that dream and yawn
In homely heaven of leaves!

BUTTERCUP AND DAISY

Showing lovelier, ever new,
Every year revealed to view,
All the mead is ever gay
When there is another May.

Buttercup is full of gold;
And the white is never told
On the living daisy-ray,
Radiating every way.

Olden rhythm of our youth,
Indian legend has the truth,
That the little Daisy-name
Is a word of awful fame;

And the Wind-god, who is good,
Loaned it unto men who would
That the Moon in daylight live
On a flower not fugitive.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

And the earth is ever rare
Where the Daisy has her flare,—
Cool her white fringe all the June,
Round her golden-hearted noon.

And a real delight has bee
In her high, enchanting tree,
Where the Marguerite has thrown
A glory 'neath the loving Rowan.

Buttercup can tell the vow
'Twixt the Heaven and Earth, for now
Jóve has yet a loving shower
For a Danae-earth's endower.

PANSIES

Violet odor, violet favor,
Of the eyes of morning mood;
Violet foot of Night's detour;
Forms of unction and of Good!

Pensees truly, and how lowly,
Yet what royal thoughts they tell,
Heart-enshrined in green that's wholly
Violet-toned and veined as well.

Eyes that look upon the morn,
Till the morning hues are theirs,
The new bud is a morning horn,
And the open flower shares
Ardent hues of rich emotion
Of the vivid year's fresh flow
'Neath the orteive over motion
Of the velvet winds that know.

THE WILD VINE

Throwing many a fragile hand
To fold the rock and grove,
And hold the hemming of the land
With tender arm of love,

The Vine has olden power to raise
The Earth on angel-wing,
With many fingered fairy ways,
And many a tendrilling;

A wonderful accord to share
With all the fertile Earth,
And overlooking all the care
Of the Mead and the Garden-girth!

Sheltering many a ruined wall,
E'en o'er the dead she'll lean,
And even to the town will crawl
To armor it with green.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The Oak that was her olden home,
Has left the wold alone,
And far she throws her leafy dome
To find another throne.

ISIS AND THE LILY—A DREAM

Over the day is a coma, if the Lily's aroma
Is not lifted in flight, with an aura of light;
And if moonlight and starlight are to her only far
fright,
She is cold, and her shoots are afraid of the gloom;
And if Isis, the Moon-white, is never as noon-light.
To lengthen the folding and widen the womb,
Forlorn is the Lily, and dark is her doom.

I heard Lily cry in my dreaming, 'twas only a teeming,
Of light on the lid of my eyes, for the wonderful
guise
Of the moon was dim, she was old in the rise;
And the Lily leaned to the window's gleaming,
And she woke as in reveries, and she lifted her
golden eyes:
"Oh, Isis, oh, Mother of old, is it true that thy love
has grown cold?"

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

“Oh, Isis, oh, Ruler of Night, is it true thou wilt
loan me no light?
Oh, Isis, oh, Dream of all dreaming, is it true thou art
dying in gleaming?
Oh, Mother, oh, Flower of Heaven, is it true thou art
losing thy leaven?”
And I thought me in dreams it grew darker, and the
Lily would hark, ere
The Daylight came over the hill, to what was an
anthem, until
The moon left a lingering thrill, and vanished as of
her own will.
And the Lily arose in the dawning,
With twenty white flowers o'er-awning!

CAPE JASMINE

Oh, holy wonder of another air,
Widening in fuller faith of daylight won,
Oh, thou, Magnolia-rose, Camelia-fair,
Thou Flower immaculate, oh, may I run,
To thee, o'er Heather-dim and Granite-grain,
O'er leagues of odor-flowing main!

A welkin-miracle of heavier light
A Lenten motion in the airs of ease,
And lo, a folding thou, of dreamy white!
Yet, has the rifted lift of May a tease
Of ugly rain, 'tis wilted in an hour,
Leaving the calyx ailing for a flower.

Green that is lacquered green, thy leaf,
All thewed around thy hardy-reaching arm,
Yet, for a flower, oh, Heaven, own relief
A worthier hour, an ultra-moonlit charm
Ethereal, that the Wind may come
With attar laden, e'en a mile from home!

AUTUMN LOOT

Who will wash the Vine down,
Who will draw it under?
I will, rushed the River-lave,
I will—till it thunder,
I will, quivered low the wave,
I will wear a crown.

Who will have the tree of gold,
Who'll allure the wonder?
I will, laughed the quiet Rill,
I will lure it under;
And shimmered it anear the Mill,
I will drown and hold.

And they mirrored everything,
Every air was mute;
Till arrove a whiffling,
And two-fold was the loot!

VIVIAN

Vivian, Vivian, who can know
What ever made thee a fear and a woe?
Oh, the wit that is ne'er o'erheard
Is thine, and even a four-fold word!

Vivian, Vivian, is all o'er,
Won thy will, nor one will more?
Vivian, Vivian, thy wine moue
Can even a woman charm undo!

Hit thee ever did evil man,
Yet follow thee even a fiend that can!
Who ever loaned thee Hate for a wife,
Who ever gave thee Rage for a life?

Fruit of a whirlwind womb wert thou,
Intoxicated with a vow,—
Vivian, thou art an iron rod,
No name, nor nation is thy god;—

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Venger of Commune rule gone mad,
Heel of terror the ages clad;
Hate thee never can man, the fool,
To thee no woman was ever cool!

GONE

(To original music)

How is the love of year gone now, dear,
How is the joy gone, too,
Old is now the wold, and drear,
Gone is the year, and you,
Leave me alone, utter no tone,
Hush, even winds on your way!

How has the River we loved gone, now, dear,
All run away unto the zone,
Only the frozen wave is here,
Gone is all her laughing tone,
Lulled are the merry leaves, and all,
Far is every Madrigal!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

Would that my dying heart were there
Far away on ocean wave,
Only my faith is living and fair,
Gone is the year's acclave;
All of my life is frozen cold,
Even is my memory old!

How has the love of the year gone now, dear,
How is our joy dead, too!

COMPLAINT

(Translated from the German of Freiherr Wolff,
by permission of the author.)

In the rare ether heavenward flies the Lark, now;
The leaves unroll their little wings, and heard
Are trees on high; and over vale and mountain
Anew "Now let there be!" tones the Creator's
Word.

Again the Wold weaves raiment for the May-time,
To shelter hordes of cantors and enchant them,
Who are already trothing o'er the tree-crowns,
Whose high love-tones are woven in the Anthem.

The merry Jubilate I reviewed, too,
Wholly entralling all my longing ear,
Yet my May-time, the real time, is not here yet.
That May-time that my heart is faint to near!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The tender flowers that hurry through the day-light,
With all their colors, and the attared air,
Mean after all—only that wonder waneth,
And gone is May-time with her gay fanfare!

When then are withered all the leaves, and roving,
And all the earth in winter cold is dumb,
Then e'en the heart will take its leave of loving,
And mourn that ever lovely May had come!

ON THE SHORE

Lazily lashing the shore I love, the little waves linger and
flash, and lower,

I am wondering whatever was way to move,—life is a
dream, no more!

Lurid the Heaven's light, demi-crazed with auriole-
glories, outward flows,

Leaving me mazed, and the waters raised, and foaming
in violet-rose!

The eve is late with her jewel-freight, and the moon has
gold in her argent hold;

I lie on the shore, till the long waves roar too near, and
the wind is cold.

I wait,—will he come who is near in the room of
memory, willing in visions to near?

It was even an eve of a violet weave, when he rose
and left me here!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

MAY-RUNE

(To original music)

It is gold in the North, it is orange coming forth,
And a flaming way for the day!

It is rose in the dawn, it is carmine in the awn
Of days long flight o'er the night!

It is lilac in the yard, it is violet afterward,
And 'tis mauve in the ward at the ford!

It is dainty in the tree, it is dazzling all a-lea,
A miracle the new-grown weald!

It is May in the morn, that the cherry-trees adorn,
Oh, 'tis May in the noon as the mavis told in tune,
And May for a rose on the dune!

The zephyr is low o'er the ocean-flow,
And the morning flowers windward go!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

The yacht is light for a taut May-night
And love is leal for a merry reel
O'er ocean fair to view!

The moon will shield with her argent keel,
And over the foam we'll lightly roam,
With the May-mad year, and you!

THE DAFFODIL

(To original music)

Jolly little Daffy, have you come to town?
Early little Daffy, won't wait till
Cometh the May-time over the down,
She has young fays in the cradle.
Hello, fairy-golden crown, hello, Love-Daffodilly,
Morning holds thy chrism-fold,
Till reigns the Valley-lily.
Well, little Daffodil, and how are you,
And how are the Hours a-doing?
Aurora has ever a golden feoff
When Aries will awooing!
And yet you are a hoyden chilly,
Oh, you merry little lily,
When your leaves will unfold in the Willow-wold,
Then May'll rule all—willy-nilly!

FEBRUARY

(To original music)

Over the hill is a Mavis trill,
Over the hill there is cooing;
Where there's a Rill that is free of will,
The Willow is renewing,
And a new Wind is wooing.

Over the furl of the zone is a Merle;
The orient air is nearing;
The Cumulus whirls into crowns that curl
O'er the wing of the Wind's careering,
Or, like Cherubim endearing.

I long for the trove of the shadows mauve
Where new life-love is flowing;
I long to rove neath my old Pine-love,
Where a new rose light is showing,
And the Oak's old arm is glowing.

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

CASTLE BERLEPSCH

After the German of Baron von Werlhoff, written on the occasion of visiting the ancestral home of his mother, near Cassel. By permission of the poet.

Berlepsch, thou lovely and lordly home,
Enchanting thou to longing gaze,
Attracting all who weary roam
To loving wonder and amaze.

The turrets are glowing, the gate's great height
Is wide, and the wanderer can enter there,—
Oh! wert thou erected aloft for might
Of viewing indeed that God's world is fair!

The valleys retort and the hills laugh loud
To thee who art welded of Nature as one,—
How grand is thy form on the Heaven's cloud,
Enjoying the world that is under thy throne!

RHYTHMS OF NATURE

What is the tune in the woodland wild?

'Tis a lullaby crooned to each Berlepsch child,—
They have murmured on for hundreds of years
They have runed the tone to my childish ears.

And art thou then of that line and name,
And hast warred afar with the earth for fame,
Old Berlepsch will grant thee the joy of Heaven,
And thou'l grant her thy heart to make it even!

My heart given to Berlepsch, yet here is again,
For all of that image I will retain,
And, grant thee, dear Aunt, to let us remain
Thy prisoners while old Berlepsch reign.

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